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PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES

Cambridge Games Are Not Stiff Enough for Harvard's Wealthy Students,

But in Boston They Find Plenty of Places That Satisfy Their Cravings - Temptations That Beset the Collegian's Pathway.

Special to the Indianaporis Journal. Boston, April 26.—There is great ado at Cambridge over a determination by President Eliot, of Harvard University, to close a gambling-house which has, of late, been open there for the collegians. The doors are already shut, and it is not likely that they will soon swing again. Gambling has come to be one of the concomitants of a collegiate thorough bred's life. Princely remittances from an indulgent sire are too often contributed to the faro-dealer, the wheel-keeper or the croupier at the dice-table. The average Harvard student, scion of wealthy parents, is as susceptible to the influences of the green cloth as the most deeply-dyed-in-the-wool plunger in the arena. The coolest "ringer of cold decks" is not any more nerveless than our beardless college boy. Reference is here had to the thoroughly acclimated, perfectly posted university lad, who is an old stager at roulette or hazard. Why, in easy, slowgoing, prosaic old Boston there is a prematurely-aged man who manipulates the dealbox and turns the wheel with marvelous deftness and exasperating nonchalance. Not so very long ago, less than ten years a good deal, he was a raven-haired, smooth-cheeked student, with soulful abony eyes, poring over his Greek grammar with an assiduity that betokened great things for his future. A quiet little game of "draw" in a fellow-student's chamber at Cambridge was his starter in life as a gambler. He became completely enslaved in all sorts of games of chance. Greek and Latin were, like physic, thrown to the dogs. He was "plugged" or dropped in certain studies, and finally he cut his class entirely, and passed days and nights listening to the whirr of the roulette ball or the flip of the cards in the fare box. He lost and won with the varying of fortune. He was a nervy player. and in his imperturbable countenance you could never discern the slightest concern.

"Are you in earnest?" inquired the pro-"Never more so in my life," was the re-

One day he entered a popular gambling

hell, and said to the backer of the game:

"Old man, I'm broke. Can you give me a

job as 'case-keeper' or dealer in your

bly. Well, you may take that chair to-night, my boy, and we'll see how you get along. That chair has been occupied almost every night since by the ex-Harvard man His inky tresses slowly faded into pale streaks as he sat nightly in the high chair of the dealer, and the mental torture of meeting his whilem companions in college, en a far different social basis now, soon asserted itself in the hirsure crown of snowy whiteness which rested on his shoulders. He is actually steelly in his professional capacity, and extremely tacitarn.

While there are no more temptations placed in the way of students at Harvard seats of learning, it is a much easier task to enumerate them and individualize the games. The students at Cambridge pursue the bulk of their playing in Boston. There are no games stiff enough conducted in Cambridge proper to catch the collegiate high-roller. To be sure, Jack Lyton, of '26, or Phil Asdig, of '31, always could accomplate be bulk of the boys if they wanted to roll roulette, but the limit was not big enough to sait the boys, and the game wasn't at all sporty. The lads who affected a strong game always drifted into Boston and sat in at Pat Coakley's high-limit play.

the midnight suppers were as near the feasts of Lucullus as the average gambler could imagine under the circumstances. Coakley's Royal Club was raided by the police effectually two or three years ago, and Coakley quit the business disgusted. He was the man who gave John L. Sullivan the coldest call-down, as the sports say, that the champion ever got. It hap-pened in John McKey's Metropolitan Hotel, in Boston, about four years ago. John L. went into the bar-room one morning, and from his hip-pocket to one of his side coat pockets, and pointing the muzzle at Sullivan through the cloth of his coat, cried a halt on his abusive, indecent tongue. The big fellow stopped his tirade at once. His friends took him away, and his life was saved, for Pat Coakley was terribly in Coakley was always friendly in ruining

the students. He never alowed a youngster

to play his game any stiffer than he thought the boy could stand. They all liked the place, because they were led to believe they were bucking a square game. Charley Groves, a partner with Manager John Stetson in the collateral banking business in Boston to-day, was once associated with Coakley in the management of the Royal. He has foresworn faro banks now for the more respectable calling of lending money at interest on personal property and real estate. There were other places than the Royal, however, where the students used to play and where they play now. The Cosmos Club, on Boylston street, Boston, is a favorite resort for Harvard men. Joe McMahon, or "Chelsea the land to the other. He was the head man in this place. Up to a few months ago it was running full blast every night. and you could count on stumbling against a "Dicky" man (D. K. E.) or a hasty-pudding fellow almost any time you ran in to play "just five." "Chelsea Joe" is of striking personality. His ruddy face and long. dowing, snowy-white hair, topped by a wide-brimmed Kossuth hat, are familiar sights to all the men, and the women, too, about town in Boston. Joe is a moralizer. and he often lectures "his boys," as he calls the youths from Cambridge, on the errors of their gambling ways. The only trouble about Joe is that he likes to play bank himself, and, as a result, he often "goes broke." He has good friends, though, and he can get a backing as quick as any of the oldtime gamblers. It is a unique sight to see "Chelsea Joe" sitting at a round table in Billy Park's chop-house, surrounded by a half-dozen beardless young fellows, every one a student, while Joe discourses at length on this sociologist or that learned divine. The boys from Cambridge listen, and laugh to themselves, for they see that Joe "means well, but he doesn't know." There is one thing sure: if "Chelsea Joe" doesn't understand the big words he uses, the "Dicky" men from Harvard respect him for what he

A Boston game of roulette was lately beaten by Harvard boys. They selected the number sixteen to operate with. They were well-known patrons of this particular house, and were thoroughly acquainted with the lay of the land. One evening three of them strolled in carelessly, and after a while, sanntered easily over toward the ronlette wheel. Big Jim White was wheel-keeper. He was about as foxy as they make 'em, but the lads from Harvard were too much for him. One engaged his at-No one ever hears him complain, but his tention, while the other two were carefully he feels that his life is a misdeal. watching the wheel, and sticking pretty close to it, too. Suddenly a clattering of feet on the stairs was heard, and then the ery of "Fire!" was bellowed out. Student University than are found in the path of | No. 4, who was on the outside, was doing undergraduates at any of our other great his part of the work. Jim isn't an easy seats of learning, it is a much easier task man to rattle, but on this particular night

does know about gambling.

at the Royal Club. This was indeed a royal club. In a suite of chambers at 146 Tremont street, one flight from the street. Coakley conducted the best game in Boston. The interior furnishings have never been surpassed in Boston, and the midnight suppers were as near the feasts of Lucullus as the average gambler could imagine under the circumstances. Coakley's Royal Club was raided by the drew the game was out over \$1100 Right. drew the game was out over \$1,100. Big Jim couldn't understand it. He thought there was a hoodoo somewhere. When he casually examined the wheel he was bewildered to discover a couple of sixteens. He looked closer and found five sixteens in all on the red and black disc. "Plastered!" was all Jim said. The bank didn't make any for they had been swindled there by unfair faro. A breezy Western youth whose father was a United States Senator, and at one time a rattling poker-player, was the instigator of the trick. He wished to get even, and he did, with the aid of three of his chams, who had all been cheated by the faro-dealer. The students let their reason for plastering the wheel spread gently abroad, and it hurt Jim and his game a great deal. Chauncey Jacobs, the best-known negro

gambler in the United States, is popular with the Harvard boys, because they suppose he runs a square game and backs it iberally. Jacobs is a wealthy patron of all kinds of sports. He owns a stable of running horses, and some of them have shown well to the front in many a hard run at Monmouth, Brighton and Sheepshead. The fact that his skin is black does not operate against Jacobs as a sporting man. He allows none of his own race to hang around his place, which is in Hanover street, Boston, on the same side with the American House, and only a few doors from that hostelry. There are no luxurious apartments in Chauncey Jacobs's place. He spreads a luncheon, but it is not a striking feature of his house. People go there to play, not to eat. It is handy for the students from Cambridge, as it is close to the thoroughfare leading from Harvard University. "Handsome Dan" Murphy, one of John L. Sullivan's closest friends, happened in at Chauncey's one evening when a couple of strapping students were all wrapped in faro. They had been playing in fair luck and each had his stack of blues. Murphy took a chair opposite the collegians and watched them awhile. He finally bought a pile of chips and began to play. The students almost immediately began to lose. So did "Handsome Dan," who at length got down to his last chip, which he played and lost. He at once straightened up, buttoned his gorgeous Russian ulster tightly around his Apollo-like form and started to leave the table. One of the Harvard boys then burst out impetuously: "Pshaw, Lloyd; what's the use of playing any longer. Don't you see we've been

fiver and of course we can't win a nick Everybody in the room laughed, even Dan himself joining, for every player in that room knew the tradition about "Hand some Dan" and his "fivers." It is this: Murphy religiously follows a certain course whenever he gambles. He tucks a fivedollar bill in his pocket every morning when he leaves his home at the North End This is for gambling purposes only. If he should happen to lose it at the very first bank that he plays against he does no more gambling that day. This happens so often to Murphy that the gamblers know his plan, and so when he had lost his \$5 that night the students were playing at Jacobs's, the

Harvard man's ejaculation about Dan

losing his "fiver" came so pat that it con-

hoodooed?' Dan Murphy has just lost his

other resort of the college men from Cambridge. At one time Charley Groves, mentioned above as John Stetson's banking partner, backed this game. It is running still, and the best dealer there is Jim Westand sat in at Pat Coakley's high-limit play I modest-appearing lads were soon playing I rolling is done there by the wealthier \$1,900.

young gamesters from across the placid Charles river. It was a pretty stiff game played at Otis Marshall's by Goodheart, a collegian and Somerset Club man. He had been at it two nights steadily, and had won \$10,000 or \$12,000. It was in the third night of the game that I witnessed the heavy playing. Marshall ran one of his houses at 3 Bosworth street. It was there that Goodheart was playing. On the night in question the bank's turn of luck came, and he was only \$8,000 ahead. He played princely stakes, putting up the full limit of \$100 on the turn of a card. It wasn't long before the thousands were young gamesters from across the placid wasn't long before the thousands were rapidly melting away from him, and at daybreak "Ote" Marshall had all the money back that his bank had lost, and a he carried a full load of red-eye whisky beneath his vest. He insulted everybody, right and left, and finally tackled Pat frained from playing in that place again. It raised old Nick with through his nightly dissipation over the green cloth, and his health became so much impaired that he was forced to take a year's yachting in the Mediterranean. He is seldom found within the doors of a

gambling hell nowadays. Marshall doesn't run No. 3 Bosworth street now. It is conducted by the Savage Club, the incorporators of which have sued Dr. William Thornton, a cancer specialist well known in Boston, for \$6,000 on a defaulted note which Thornton gave to repay his losses at roulette. Thornton is known by all Harvard boys, and is a popular and genial fellow. He had formulated a system to beat roulette, as he imagined, and for a time he was successful. He had lost about \$4,000 before his system was in good working order. Then be be gan to win, and the Savage Club quickly lost about \$12,000. One night he began to lose, and \$6,000 slipped through his fingers like greased lightning. He gave his note for the amount, but notified the bank not to pay it. The suit followed. The Doctor claimed he was cheated out of his money

by unfair rolling of the ball. At 39 and 41 Howard street are faro-banks which the students visit infrequently The games are said to be unfair, and a college man always wants a "run for his money." He can't get it in Howard street, and so he seldom goes there. So it is in these places that "Prexy" Eliot's young men at Harvard pass a great many very anxious hours. They don't play very much in Cambridge, first, because it is too close to the university, and again, because it is only a "country man's game" in Cambridge, Naturally high rollers themselves, they like to go where the high rollers play. To enumerate the multitudinous and economi cal poker games in progress every night, not excepting Sundays, would be a task far too difficult to successfully perform. It will suffice to say that batches of Harvard undergraduates can be found nightly ensconced in comfortable rooms at the Parker House, Young's Hotel or Quincy House, Boston, merrily toying with the seductive poker-chip from sunset to daybreak. The average student is naturally a gambler. and you can't stop his "bucking the tiger' any more than you could silence his Co-manche class yell of "Harvard! Rah!! Rah!!! Siss! Boom!! Ah!!!

The Lawyer Subsided.

Judge Edgerton tells a story on Ames that is a formidable rival to the one of Sam Weller as a witness. "Ames had a client down the river," says the Judge, "who lacked that feeling of implicit confidence that should exist between a man and his attorney. Shortly before the trial came on the client employed Hollings. head to assist in the case. Ames didn't think that this was exactly necessary, but of course made no direct protest. During the trial a witness was testifying as to what the plaintiff had once said to him about the suit, and when he finished his story The Union Club, at 6 Alden street, is an- | Ames said: "'Is that all my client ever said to you about the case?

"'No, sir; but it is all that it would be proper for me to tell.'
"'Don't assume to judge as to whether it
would be proper to tell what you know; go
ahead and tell it.'

LIFE IN A HAREM

Olive Harper Writes of the Mysteries in the Houses of Opulent Turks.

People in general have an idea that Turkish women absolutely do nothing that is either useful or ornamental aside from the decoration of their own persons, but that is not altogether true, as my residence of over a year in their country taught me, for they are really dexterous with the needle, and do work which is as fine as that done by the Sisters in the convents or that of the wives of the feudal noblemen of olden

The favorite pastime of the Turkish women is the bath, which brings together the wives and slaves of all the well-to-do Turks, and is like a picnic of school chil-

These wives, most of them very young-some, indeed, not over twelve and fourteen years old-take their lunch along, and they eat and steam, plunge and splash, and play pranks upon each other in the wildest glee he whole day long. No fear of an angry husband haunts their minds, for they are not expected to do anything, and their husbands very rarely

enter the harems before 6 o'clock. By this time they are all back, rosy and sweet from their bath. At the baths there is often an old woman who has the faculty of relating stories, and she is eagerly listened to by the grown-up children; and the stories are generally the "Arabian Nights" order, full of genii

beautiful ladies, and charming youths and ealous husbands. Many a lesson is given as to how to outwit the most jealous of men-a lesson they are neither slow to learn The way they were watched and confined always made me think of the woman who

cautioned her innocent children not to put olue beans in their noses while she was out. The magic lantern entertainments amuse these ignorant caged birds. Dancing girls singing and playing the lute, playing with the babies, and occasionally quarreling with each other, take up some of their time: a weekly tour of the bazaars, and once in a while a visit to the harem of some other Turk still leaves much time on their hands that the rare calls of their husbands, the eating of sweetmeats or smoking of cigarettes cannot fill, and so they give their poor little minds to fancy work. They very seldom learn how to read, or perhaps books would help them through, and they never make their own clothes, though they do sometimes decorate them elaborately after others have made them. They have frames made on which their

embroidery is worked, and on velvet, satin. or that beautiful and durable Broussa gauze they embroider with exquisite fineness and taste. The most of their em broidery is done in durable and admirably arranged colors, in subdued tones, which seem to me remarkable in women who are so fond of brilliant primary colors and ill-assorted contrasts. They bave no patterns, but work out graceful and beautiful fantasies, and all done with the most extreme care and fineness, requiring patience and extra good eyesight.
They work in gold and silver threads to a

great extent, and they make cushions for their divans, which are stiff with the finest of gold and silver needlework. Their jackets are worked so thickly over with gold and silver arabesques and other patterns that they are almost as stiff as our corsets. Their slippers are ornamented as well with gold and silver embroidery over valvet or satin, and seed pearls, and fine coral and turquoise beads are lavishly used, with beautiful effect. They also work gold same manner, only that the tourah, or national coat of arms, is always placed at the end, with a verse from the Koran worked in gold thread at the bottom.

They make a very beautiful and durable lace out of silk thread, which resembles no lace I ever saw. The mesh is thick, but not heavy, and different flowers are frequently made in relief upon it. I have seen a piece of this lace three yards in length and a quarter of a yard loose. The roses were perfect fac-similes of roses, with perhaps a hundred petals. Another woman had made in this lace-

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Louis Woerner, 154 Indiana ave.
Theo. Woerner, 512 N. Mississippi st.
H. Pink, 196 Indiana ave.
R. Brattain, 150 Blake st.
Gus Labman, 505 North West.
H. J. Mauer, 416 and 418 Indiana ave.
W. G. Jones, 25 Virginia ave.
T. J. Peak, 120 Hoyt ave.
Hedrick & Nackenhorst, 197 and 199
Shelby st.

Jno. Shea, 200 West South st. Richardson & Son, cor. Ray and

Maple sts.

Chas. Wagner, 851-855 S. Meridian st.
O. C. Wilgus, cor. McCarty and Ill.
J. A. Soltau, 104 North Davidson st.
Lichtenberg Bros., 300 East Ohio st.
F. Lindeman, 210 East Washington st.
Grant & Kelly, 15 Shelby st.
Chas. H. Buddenbaum, 125 Prospect st.
Karn & Gisler, 351 Clifford ave.

OUT-OF-TOWN PLACES.

Crawfordsville—
J. S. Steel,
Tr uit & Scott,
George Fritchee,
Geogre Brock,
H. W. Cannard.
Albert Muhleisen,
W. B. Hardee,

W. D. Long, Hysong Hotel, George Andrews, Charles Nevell, Charles Herbert, st. McNutt, Wolff & Co.

Middletown-Miller Bros.
New Lisbon-C. A. C. Howeran.
Rosedale-Indiana Mercantile Co.
Lafountain-John Moffitt.
Silver Lake-A. Robinson.
Malott-M. A. McClure & Son.
Newtown-Gephart & Son.
Hillsboro-J. H. Hays.
Dover-A. C. Parker.
Edinburg-J. C. Valentine.
Penuville-F. S. White,
Cowen-Perdine & Knott.
Noblesville-R. H. Greble.
Waynetown, Ind.-W. D. Zerfeck.
Bunker Hill-Hoover & Reinhart.
East Germantown-J. R. Powell.
Wabash-J. F. Filbert.
North Manchester-C. F. Reed.
New Corner-L. F. Miller.
Mulberry-Miller & Hammell.
Frankfort-A. M. Saylor.
Frankfort-Ross Bros.
Pendleton-W. R. Teague.
Maxwell-J. H. Lane. work a little garden about fifteen inches square. There were the little trees, about three inches high, flowers of different kinds, and two or three birds, all made of this lace and set in relief, tiny wires being run

and set in relief, tiny wires being run through the stems of the flowers and trunks of the trees to keep them upright.

The soft and durable crape undershirts, or pemhazars, as they are called, all have around the bottom, on the bottoms of the long, loose sleeves and around the neck an edging of the finest work I ever saw, which renders the edge indestructible. These garments are left unfinished when manufactured for each to finish according to her factured for each to finish according to her

The Turkish women wear no other under-garments, and the jacket sleeves only reach the elbow, so that these flow loose below like undersleeves. They are delicately soft and semi-transparent.

far as shape is concerned, about as graceful as a waterproof cloak; they are shaped like a big, loose nightgown, with loose sleeves and a long flap hanging from the shoulders to the heels. These are usually made of black alpaca, or farmer's satin, but you often see them of the most brilliant-colored silk or satin. They are made without trim ming, for the most part, and are simply nemmed; but these ladies make narrov trimmings to go around the edges of the most exquisite daintiness in the shape o shells, diamond braids, and many other ingenious shapes ont of the same material as the feridjees, and not over half an inch

wide. I remember noticing one which had a trimming made of miniature pears and leaves, which was extremely pretty. Another resembled a flight of swallows done We might suppose that these women would take pleasure in making and em-broidering their baby's clothes as do other women; but as babies are simply swathed in endless rollers, like a mummy, until they are six months old, ornament is un-

necessary. At the end of six months boy babies are put into pantaloons and girls into loose trousers, both being usually made of arge-flowered chintz. About the only thing I ever noticed the

Turkish women do for their little children was to make toys for them, and they make the most grotesque-looking dogs, lions, cows, rabbits, elephants, camels and doll babtes out of rags for their amusement. They never nurse their babies, for fear of spoiling the shape of the bust. They are very poor mothers, as they are too ignorant themselves to understand their responsibilities or to teach their children. They alternately slap them or caress and indulge them, just as their own humor happens to be good or bad.

The little girls are taught how to sew

and embroider, how to walk gracefully and recline in the most negligent manner upon the divans, how to play by ear a little on a lute, and to sing their interminable love songs. Their songs are like "Barbara Allen," "Lovely Young Caroline of Edin-boro Town," "The Brown Girl," or "Gypsy Daye"-all long and telling a whole romance to a plaintive chant.

I never learned to speak Turkish, but got so that I could seize upon the meaning of these songs. The singer always puts all the life and sentiment she can into her music, and often sheds tears as she sings, as do her listeners. I have even seen one or two of them faint away at the most pathetic part. This is a very common trait among Turkish women, and I have not yet been ablesto decide whether it is the result of a weak will or extreme sensibility, but they faint on every possible occasion. The Turkish women love music passion-

ately, and nearly all of them can play some instrument with taste and feeling, though almost always by ear. Their native music is always sad and plaintive, and often full of such a piercing sorrow that it is no wonder it brings tears. They love flowers, porders to their bathing wraps. This is | too, and you rarely see one without a flower | quies they paused long enough to trade done in outline work in chain stitch. The little Broussa neckties are worked in the same manner, only that the tourah, or national coat of arms, is always piaced at the end, with a verse from the Koran worked in gold thread at the bottom.

They make a very beautiful and durable lace out of silk thread, which resembles no lace out of silk thread in the same worked in

happened to have obtained, by a fortunate

sponsible young girls in a boarding-school, and the only jealousy such as might be felt as the "teacher's pet." Instead of the poisoned and vindictive murder I supposed always ready to be inflicted upon each other, the worst they do is to pull each other's hair occasionally or box each other's

I don't think the Turkish women are really lazy or indolent, but for many reasons they appear so. The husband considers his wife as an irresponsible being, prone to mischief (and he is rarely mistaken), and all he expects or requires of her is to look pretty, be cheerful and pleasant when he is near, and it would be a mark of disrespect for her to do anything in the way of work when he is present. So these women are early taught to be gracefully idle.

Girls reach their majority at nine and are frequently married a year later, though not usually until fifteen. By that time all th education they get is acquired. Instead of being taught all the abstruse sciences, she is taught all the caressing words and gest ures possible to imagine-how to walk, sit look and speak so as to appear the most seductive in the eyes of the husband who gets

No Turkish wife of the better class is ever expected to do any domestic labor whatever, nor to make any of the house bold linen, nor to make any garments for herself or members of the household, nor to sew any buttons on, nor, above all to make ber husband's shirts; therefore, it can be seen at once that almost every source of domestic disagreement is done away with, and the Turkish husband never expects his wife to get on her knees an bunt for his collar-button, nor scold her i the dinner is badly cooked; so that in many respects, life in a harem is not se very bad after all, and one-tenth of a good husband is better than the whole of a ba-

But the women can decorate, embroider and sew pearls and turquoises all over anything they want to, and they do it as a la bor of love, with exquisite care and deli cacy of taste. Their own garments are such an odd in-

congruity-bare feet and legs, or socks and slippers, pantaloons of common gandy chintz, a shalvar or skirt, of which the breadths are not sewn up, a great wad of a shawl tied about a waist guiltless of corsets, a jacket covered with gold and pearl em broidery, jewels, necklaces of coral, pearl diamonds and other precions jewels, mingled with strings of common beads, earrings, rings and bracelets four inches wide the brilliant sorvotch about their fore-heads stuck full of gay flowers and jewels, and over all the feridiee, with its shape ess folds, and the beauty-giving, refining and mysterious veil or yashmak, which makes of a Turkish woman at once the most ravishing and ridiculous creature in the world. Beautiful in the face as an angel, ugly and awkward, seen from behind as a hippopotamus.

The Oldest Negro.

A. S. Phinney, real-estate dealer, tells story which reminds one of that haggard tale by Haggard, "She." While on a whaling voyage off the coast of Africa, the crew of the ship of which Mr. Phinney was second mate observed some peculiar excitement among the natives on shore. Lowering away a boat Mr. Phinney and a por-tion of the crew pulled ashore. They found the natives engaged in the funeral ceremonies of their chief, whom they claimed was 1,000 years old. The corps was placed on the ground, a long plank box placed above the shriveled remains, and then a pryamid of large stones was commenced. The pyramid was twenty feet square at the base. There were several hundred natives on the ground, and as was soon completed. During the obse-

The incomes of a large part of the profesbut not heavy, and different flowers are frequently made in relief upon it. I have seen a piece of this lace three yards in length and a quarter of a yard deep. On it ran a rose branch, every leaf, bud and flower being made separate and laid in relief upon it, joined firmly and yet leaf. The rose rose part of the professional men of the town do not average more that a thousand dollars a year. The actual yearly profit of the majority of tradesmen are not greater. Good mechanics make no their beauty. If they were educated they would be the equals of any women in Europe and the salaries of cierks are less, on their beauty. If they were educated they would be the equals of any women in Europe and the salaries of cierks are less, on the average, than \$1,000. Therefore, when would be the equals of any women in Europe and the salaries of cierks are less, on their beauty. If they were educated they would be the equals of any women in Europe and the salaries of cierks are less, on their beauty. If they were educated they would be the equals of any women in Europe and the salaries of cierks are less, on their beauty. If they were educated they would be the equals of any women in Europe and the salaries of cierks are less, on their beauty. If they were educated they would be the equals of any women in Europe and the salaries of the town do not average more that a thousand dollars a year. The actual yearly profit of the town do not average more that a thousand dollars a year. The actual yearly profit of the town do not average more that a thousand dollars a year. The actual yearly profit of the town do not average more that a thousand dollars a year. The actual yearly profit of the town do not average more that a thousand dollars a year. The actual yearly profit of the majority of tradesmen are not greater.